

THE SUNDAY EVEN



March
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THE SUNDAY EVEN



March
Issue

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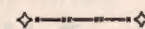
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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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Spring

Spring will soon be coming
With its flowers e'er so fair,
Brooks and streams a-running—
There'll be green grass everywhere.

Trees that now are snowclad
Soon will be so richly dressed,
Gowns of gleaming emerald—
Mother Nature's own—and best.

Violets will be peeping,
Waking from their winter beds,
Watching clouds so snowy,
Slowly drifting o'er their heads.

Crimson-breasted robins
Soon their songs of welcome sing,
Gone is chilling winter—
In its place is joyous Spring.

Elizabeth Kelly '28



What's the Matter With P. H. S.?

NOW that the agitation for a new high school has been permanently shelved, the next question to be raised is, "What is to be done about improvements on the present building?" Certainly the most optimistic official could not fail to realize that improvements are needed and needed badly.

To mention a few, in a spirit of constructive criticism, should not be difficult. The assembly hall at present is in a most unsatisfactory condition; there is nothing in it that could not bear a great deal of improving. It is doubtful if any other school of the size and rank of P. H. S. has an auditorium so completely inadequate to its needs. The library also shows vast room for improvement. There is apparently no way of enlarging the room, but at least better chairs and tables could be installed, and some of the dead wood books could be cleaned out to make room for new ones. Of course, all the classrooms would be greatly improved by a thorough process of renovation. The same is true of the laboratories. A whole budget could be expended in the basement alone. The dressing room is extremely poor. Ask the athletes; they know! The basketball team is enabled to enjoy the advantages of the Boys' Club at considerable expense to the school, but the other teams have to worry along as best they can. At the last advices it was claimed that two showers were working part time, with little hope for the future. Small wonder that P. H. S. produced a good football team last fall! After an hour in the dressing room, broken bones were as nothing.

While speaking of the basement, notice should be given the lunch room. It would be hard to find a more gloomy, depressing place to eat. This is not so bad, however, for the excellent menus of late serve as a compensation for the surroundings.

These suggestions have but skimmed the surface. If any of them was to be treated in full, the joke department would probably be crowded out, and most of the subscribers alienated.

Our Reference Library

IN the high school English course there are many things to be studied that our ordinary text books do not contain. For this work we get a library permit and go to our spacious library. Perhaps there will be about a dozen other students looking for the same material. There may be students using the history reference books and herein lies the excuse for this editorial. Why should history students be disturbed by the noise and confusion of the English students who have only one or at the most, two reference books available for consultation? It is only natural that everyone wishes to use the books first and this causes such a hubbub that general confusion is the result.

How can students of P. H. S. compete with students from modern high schools where complete libraries are the rule rather than the exception? There can be only one explanation. Our scholastic success is due to the perseverance and sacrifice of our teachers, who must go to the extra effort of teaching us from their knowledge while teachers of other schools merely assign the work.

This is a most unfortunate condition. Do the citizens of Pittsfield know of this handicap under which we, as well as the teachers, labor? I am of the opinion that they are ignorant of the incompleteness of our reference library. The Community Fund for associated charities was raised for the benefit of mankind. But who needs aid any more than aspiring students attempting to advance themselves in this world? No one can deny the benefits to education derived from charity. It has been the means of founding many institutions.

So let us hope our city fathers will heed our plea and remedy this condition by furnishing sufficient reference books. Thus will the teachers be helped to accomplish their never-ending task and thus will the students be enabled to acquire as much knowledge as possible at P. H. S. *Arnold Hettstrom*

The Value of Public Speaking

WITH the call for public speakers from pulpit, bar, and lecture platforms becoming greater, and with the ever increasing call of the numerous organizations, with their meetings and conventions, it has come about that there is today a constant demand for speech-making, and a greater opportunity for public speakers than ever before. Senator Hoar, who was at one time a very prominent leader in the United States senate, declared in his old age:

"The longer I live, the more I have come to value the gift of eloquence. . . . Every American youth, if he desires for any purpose to get influence over his countrymen in an honorable way, will seek to become a good public speaker."

Without a doubt, knowing how to speak will increase a person's chances to succeed. Educators are waking up to the fact that public speaking is of great value in schools. They realize that a student is not being educated correctly, unless he is able to present his own ideas in a clear and forceful manner. The ability to present his views in such a way, may one day help him to secure a position, or if he should ever be suddenly called upon to speak at a public assembly, previous training in public speaking would certainly be an aid to him.

The dean of a college of civil engineering declared that if graduates in engineering could have a thorough training in speaking, they could, not long after their graduation, take places as presidents of corporations. The architect is greatly aided in his work if he can present his plans before boards and committees in a clear and convincing manner. Whether one is a teacher, physician, preacher, reformer, salesman, or lawyer, in order to succeed he must know how to speak well.

It is true that we may learn something of public speaking from books, but without practice, nothing can be accomplished. It develops and gives one control of his powers, and frees him from fear, when standing before a group of people.

The study of public speaking is, in every sense of the term, educational. Almost without exception, good public speakers are leaders. To interest, to persuade, to convince,—these are the aims of the speaker, and when a man can

do these things, he is certainly a leader. While we are being educated a certain amount of individuality should be developed in us, and individuality enables one to stand apart from the crowd and on his own feet. A course in public speaking takes a student from the outside of a group, and puts him in the center of this group where he is left to express his own ideas and impress them on others.

Betty Young

Commercial's Banking System

What is banking? Does it mean merely depositing lunch money for the sake of pleasing the teacher or just to prove to the teacher that you really have some "School Spirit"? Does it ever occur to you what it really means to your home room teacher to have that coveted 100% sign carried past her door and put on a rival's door? Even if she is only your teacher, aren't you really with her almost all the time, isn't your home room attitude reflected in your other studies, in your behaviour in other classes? In other words, aren't your teachers really second parents? Don't they help us prepare ourselves for life?

I suppose you are wondering what I'm trying to lead up to all this time. It is this—Commercial's banking system. Let us suppose we are visiting Commercial High on a Friday morning. Entering the school on the main floor we see the banking booth. In it are two young girls.

"They are from the Senior A's Bookkeeping class," our guide tells us. "How interesting." Then see the bevy of boys and girls all eager to bank. Just think even a *nickel* is gladly accepted, and when fifty cents is accumulated in the school bank account, it is transferred to the "City Savings Bank", where it starts drawing interest.

As we look into the different schoolrooms we see the trustees who are selected from the class, practically begging the reluctant pupils to part with just a nickel of their lunch money. Then we see the teachers pointing out the advantages of banking. Poor dears! their tongues must be worn almost to smithereens. But what a relief, what a triumph to know that all their talking and coaxing was not in vain when they see that precious 100% sign tacked on their door!

Now it is over, that hustle, and the school has quieted down to its usual routine and we go back to the tellers booth and watch the tellers counting the money and arranging the cards. They are still smiling, and willing to have us look on at their work. But how worn to a thread their nerves must be after all that hurrying mass of students. As we turn to go we look into Room 1 and see a group of trustees eagerly discussing the possibilities of a School Christmas Club. How novel!

Leaving the building we praise the system and its possibilities.

"And to think, that it's all carried on by the students".

Wonderful!

*Stella Traver
Commercial High*

Mother: "Donald, wash your face and neck."

D. MacIntosh: "Neck who?"



Out of the Past

SOFT, lilting tones dropped like soothing balm on the darkness and tranquility of the old church. Far up in the belfry the silvered-toned chimes were striking the hour of nine, while in the church the old organ echoing the distant refrain, seemed to awaken and live once more under the deft hands of the player. A ray of light struggled heroically to pierce the still darkness, but only succeeded in dimly illuminating the organ, revealing at the same time the figure of a young girl. One immediately became aware of the fact that she was beautiful without realizing just how he had arrived at that conclusion. Impenetrable gray eyes, suggesting mystery—sweetly-curved lips, denoting frankness and impetuosity—blue-black hair, combed close and tied in a knot low on the neck,—her conservativeness. One character contradicting the other, conflicting emotions continually striving for supremacy—a creature of moods, of capricious whims, such was the organist, Dolores Arnault.

Tonight the Muse Euterpe lay heavy upon the soul of Dolores, and the beautiful white hands—the hands of a musician—caressed the keys lovingly as if at the bidding of some deity. It was only here, in the high-vaulted church that Dolores gave free rein to her moods, and allowed her suppressed vitality to come to the surface.

—Outside, the March winds were blowing vigorously. The night had become dark and dismal. Its very bleakness seemed to pervade the old church. Gradually the music changed from gay, rollicking frivolity to the depths of black despair, rose again to a discordant crescendo, then trailed off with a pitiful, half-protesting moan, leaving suspended in the air the haunting sadness of a minor chord.

She shuddered. It was growing cold, and late. Perhaps she had practiced enough for one night. She was about to close up the organ when a premonition of danger seemed suddenly to grip her. Her sixth sense warned her that she was not alone! She glanced around nervously. It had come so suddenly—that feeling of danger—that uncanny premonition that she was being spied upon. She ardently wished at this moment that she could turn on the lights and dispel that threatening, leering darkness which seemed to be closing in upon her. But the electric switch was at the other end of the church, and she knew that she did not possess the courage to traverse that black depth leading to it.

She waited—for what—she knew not. Suddenly a great black shadow fell across the keyboard. She watched it, much in the same manner a defenseless bird does when awaiting the death blow from the foraging hawk. Stricken, her eyes glued to the grotesque shadow, she waited. It seemed eternity that she sat there! Why didn't it strike? Anything was better than this nerve-racking suspense! Something quite beyond her control, some magnetic force, seemed to be drawing her eyes away from the shadow, and half reluctantly, half eager to end the terrible uncertainty, she raised her eyes to meet the intruder!

She saw a figure half submerged in the enveloping darkness—the figure of a man—so still—that at first she wondered if he could be a creature of her imagination. His face seemed deathly white, and under the sickly rays of the light appeared almost ghost-like. Two great, smouldering eyes which seemed to hold all the sorrows and wisdom of the ages shone from beneath shaggy brows. She had a vague feeling that somewhere before, ever so long ago, she had seen those eyes!

Now that the danger was in the open she decided to run for the door. Surely her agility and thorough knowledge of the church would enable her to out-distance her pursuer, if such he should turn out to be.

Suddenly a voice broke the silence. It was a deep-toned voice, one that somehow was in keeping with those tragic eyes. He was speaking. She aroused herself. She must hear what he was saying. Oh, if only she could get a grip on herself—

"Please do not be afraid," the deep voice was intoning, "but you played so exquisitely, so divinely, that I could not depart without telling you how much I have enjoyed your playing."

This sane speech seemed in some way to restore a little of Dolores's confidence even though the smouldering fire in his eyes still raised in her a vague apprehension.

"You are a marvelous player", the voice was continuing. "The day will come when you will hold your audiences spellbound—aye—even as I have done."

Dolores's consternation was slowly being dispelled and with the passing of her fears, her voice returned to her.

"You play the organ, too?", she asked a trifle hesitantly.

At this remark, a peculiar expression passed over the face of the old man. Dolores was at a loss to account for it. It seemed that for a moment black despair had been written upon it, replaced by a desperate longing. Of a sudden his calmness seemed to desert him, and in a faltering voice he cried, "Oh, may I play—just a little?"

Amazed at this change she quickly gave consent, and slipped from the seat.

Slowly, with faltering steps, he made his way to the organ and seated himself. Dolores watched, fascinated. As he sat there at the organ, his long fingers hovering over the keys, preparatory to playing, he presented a startlingly familiar picture, which again reminded Dolores that somewhere before she had seen this man!

A look of rapture was on his face, and a smile of wondrous beauty and pathos seemed to set him apart from the world of reality. Suddenly, with a grand flourish he struck the organ. Dolores listened,—stunned! Terrible discords rent the air—and yet, he continued to play, with that same inspired look in his eyes, apparently, utterly oblivious to the din he was creating!

Suddenly the realization of who this strange man was came to Dolores! The events of five years ago flashed disjointedly before her mind; how Anton Borjac, acclaimed by both continents as the foremost musician of his time, as a genius, unparalleled in the history of the world, had enlisted in his country's service at the beginning of the war; of how he had served admirably and had been decorated for exceptional bravery on the battle field—and then, had become the victim of one of Fate's cruellest jests, a tiny blood vessel broken, resulting in a

complete loss of memory as far as music was concerned. She distinctly remembered the account of his first concert, given a short time after his triumphant homecoming.—How Anton Borjac, with that same inspired look as of old, had astonished the musical world by playing frightful discords.—Pronounced an incurable, by the leading specialists, it was only a matter of months before Borjac found himself without an audience. Disillusioned, heartbroken, not understanding his public's attitude, his money gone, he had finally disappeared.

Tears welled up in the eyes of Dolores for this poorly clad man, who once had held kings lightly.

At last he stopped, and with a self-satisfied smile on his face, as if greeting an enthralled audience he turned to the still girl.

"Now do you know who I am?" he asked.

Dolores decided to act the part that was expected of her.

"No other in the world could play as you have done," she responded, "you—you—must be the Great Anton Borjac!"

A smile of infantine joy spread over his features. He bowed in the most absurd grandee fashion.

"Anton Borjac, at your service. Permit me to say that it has been a long time since I have played, and yet I can never resist the temptation to be near my beloved organ. I go from one place to another, always seeking someone who may possess that divine gift. Tonight I think I have found that person, in you. You see, my public will not accept me, but perhaps it will accept someone whom I consider talented enough to follow in the footsteps of Anton Borjac."

Drawing from his pocket a paper and pencil he laboriously wrote a short note and folded it.

"Here", he said, handing it to Dolores, "take this letter to Herman Conrad. He will see that you have every opportunity for becoming successful."

Dolores could hardly believe her ears. Conrad! why the very name spelled success. Formerly a friend of Borjac's, he was now one of the greatest teachers living!

"How can I ever repay you?" Dolores breathed. "Oh, how I shall try to be worthy of your faith in me!"

"Do not trouble to speak of repaying me", he continued, "I shall be well rewarded when I hear that the protegee of Anton Borjac, whom the world once laughed at, is acclaimed a success. And now I must be going", he added. "Perhaps some day we may meet again—until then—au revoir—and success!"

Slowly he turned away and disappeared into the darkness. Far off a door slammed. . . . A mouse scampered hurriedly across the floor. . . . A girl stood alone, her heart filled with a great aching loneliness. . . . At that moment a great genius was born to the world.

Frances LaCasse '27

"Maggy"

MAGGY! Ma-a-gy!" The person thus addressed straightened up from the squatting position she had just been affecting, rubbed her back, which was stiff from the uncomfortable pose, and sighed wearily. How she hated the name "Maggy"! Why on earth couldn't Ma call her "Margaret," as she should be called? Oh well, Ma would never learn to act at all refined. There was absolutely no use trying to teach her. Margaret would never live down the time Ma had

asked Mrs. Elihu Payson Wrenn, college-graduate-social-leader-bediamonded mother of Helene Wrenn, the sometimes-friend of Margaret, if she ever cooked her sauerkraut with pork-drippings, and therewith proceeded, despite the sniffs of that worthy lady, and the persistent and none-too-gentle kicking of Margaret's foot, to explain the intricacies of that noble task to Mrs. Wrenn, who probably had never had the delight of eating that much-scorned food. And then, another time—. But a third "Maggy!" awoke this young lady from her mournful reveries.

"All right! I'll be down in a minute!"

Goodnight! Couldn't the woman wait half a minute? Margaret hurriedly slammed the drawer which she had been ramsacking, and rushed down the stairs. Her mother greeted her at the foot.

"See, here, young lady, didn't I tell you half" (she pronounced it 'ha-alf', much to her daughter's disgust) "an hour ago to do up those dishes in the sink? Hurry up with them now. D'you think I can wait for you to day-dream all morning? There's other things to be done in this house, etc., etc.,"—all the way up the stairs. Margaret indifferently hummed a tune and set about doing the hateful dishes. Her hands, which she tried to keep smooth and white like Helene's, were beginning to show some of their harrowing experiences. That would never do. She'd sneak a nickel out of Ma's pocketbook and buy herself a couple of lemons and rub her hands with the juice. Oh, fair Margaret knew all the tricks of the trade! And Margaret was really quite pretty, a fact of which she was very much aware. Her light brown hair needed only a very little touching-up with the iron, her hazel eyes were well-trained in the art of female lures, and her complexion was the envy of all the girls in her "set," as she was wont to call it.

While Margaret was in the midst of the dishwashing and "Mary Lou", the telephone rang. She hastened to dry her hands and reach it before her mother, who was sure to deafen the person on the other end of the line.

"Hello", she said in her sweetest tones.

"Hello, Margaret?" came from the other end. Margaret instantly recognized the voice of Helene Wrenn.

"Yes. This is she", she said in English which would have made her teacher's hear swell with pride. At least one person in her class had conquered predicate pronouns!

"Oh, Margaret", continued Helene. "I'm giving a party Monday night and I'd like to have you come. Will you?"

A thousand thoughts ran thru Margaret's mind. A party at the Wrenn's—no decent dress—Helene's handsome cousin—a chance to meet the "best people"—what would Ma say? But none of this reached Helene. Instead—

"Oh, Helen, thank you so much! I'd love to!"

"All right, Marg. It's to be at eight-thirty. And Ray Semple is going to be there. So long!"

Of course Helene would have to give that parting shot. Darn Ray Semple! What did she care about him? But Margaret thrust aside all unhappy thoughts and proceeded to give vent to her joy at being invited to Helene Wrenn's party.

"Whoo-eee!" she screeched, and did an impromptu scarf-dance with the dish towel. Her unearthly shriek "was enough to waken Caesar's ghost," her mother dishearteningly told her, and immediately inquired as to the cause of such an uncalled for exhibition.

"Mother! Ma! Mama! Helene's invited me to her party Monday night! Oh, such luck!"

"Humph!" sniffed her mother, who, of course, could not comprehend what such an invitation involved. "And, my dear young lady, what do you propose wearing? Your brand-new green silk you spilled ice-cream on, and if you think I'm going to get you another one, you've got another think coming." And with this most discouraging speech, Mrs. Conant marched out of the room, leaving her indignant daughter holding the dish towel in an extremely ungraceful position over her head.

"Now, Ma", she cried, running after the receding back of her heartless parent, "Now, Ma, you can make me a straight-down dress easy in a day. And I'll do all the work for you tomorrow. We're not so religious that you can't sew on Sunday. And, Ma," she continued, keeping close to her mother, who was flitting from one chair to another with a dust-cloth, "I saw some peachy crêpe-de-chine down at Parker's for only a dollar twenty-nine a yard, two dollar value. Won't you please, Ma?"

"Humph!" repeated Mrs. Conant, who was beginning to feel susceptible to her daughter's pleadings. "A dollar twenty-nine. And where am I going to get the money for three yards? You must think money grows on bushes. Well, it don't. And Jimmy needs shoes, so I don't see—"

"But, Ma," interrupted Margaret, seeing her mother weakening, "Jimmy doesn't care whether his shoes are old or new. Anyway, who looks at a little kid?"

"Well, who looks at you?"

"Well—nobody, but—"

"But! but! but! That's all you know. All right! I'll get you the dress. But remember, it's the last thing you get for a long while! Somebody else around here is going to be dressed up for a change!"

"Oh, hurray! Ma, you're a peach! Can I go down right now and pick it out?"

"You can *not*! Finish those dishes, and get the furniture polish and shine the piano. You've got all afternoon to pick out the dress. And I'm going along to see that you get something decent."

With this disheartening news, Mrs. Conant continued with her dusting and Margaret went back to her dishes to dream about the coming event. What if Ma did come along to pick out the material? At least she wouldn't have the whole say, and if she was good enough to make it—. Hereupon the imagination of Miss Margaret Conant proceeded to dwell in ballrooms, Italian gardens, moonlit lanes, and shimmering waters. Such stuff as dreams are made of!

Ma made the dress, which was really quite fair for a home-made, being made of bargain material. It was a gaudy rose hue and Margaret had thought the shade a bit showey, but Ma had insisted that it would give her more color, so for the sake of personal beauty, plus a new dress, Margaret had conceded. Her patent leathers were cracked, but by applying 2-in-1, she had made them presentable. Very sheer tan silk hose, on sale for eighty-nine cents, had also been bought

on the shopping excursion, and Mrs. Conant predicted that her daughter would be the best-dressed girl at the party. Margaret had her doubts, but she was wise enough not to express them. Anyway, she had a new dress, which was something. And Ma hadn't been over cross about making it.

Margaret went to the party with spirits soaring to the heavens. She returned several hours later, a very dejected young person, and ready to burst into tears or anger, she knew not which, at the first word anyone spoke to her.

The light in the parlor proclaimed that Ma was waiting up for her. Of course, she would be! If only Maggy could sneak up to her bedroom without being seen. But no, the only stairs leading to the second floor were in plain view of the parlor, and anyway, Ma would find out in the morning. Might as well face the issue now.

"Well, Maggy, what happened?" were Mrs. Conant's first words. "Did they like the dress? What's this, a spot already? Oh, no, just a shadow. If you'd got a spot on it so quick you'd 'a' heard about it! Well, why don't you say what happened? Didn't anybody look at you?"

Ready to explode, Maggy restrained herself with an effort and said, "Well, did you think they were going to take my picture? It was all right—only—"

"Only what? I knew they'd snub you. All them up-stage kids! They know your kind! You ain't nothing but plain, honest folk, Maggy Conant, and you can't make them swells think different. You try all this refined stuff around here, but it don't work with them any more than it does with us. If you'd pay more attention to the girls in your own neighborhood, instead of chasing after those on the Hill, you'd be a lot better off. Why, many's the time I've wanted to give you a party or somethin', but no, you wouldn't have it! Your swell friends, if they are your friends, would laugh at your common home! Yes, they should laugh! But Mary Connoughty, would she laugh? She would *not*! She'd be so glad to get a whole dish of ice-cream or cake with frosting on it, that she'd advertise it from here to Bethlehem. If you'd take up with those kind of girls for a change, you'd have someone chasing after you. The way you snub the girls you played with when you was little is a shame! Why—"

"Oh, Mother," cried Margaret in despair, "for heaven's sake be still! You simply cannot and will not get my view of things! What good would it do me to be friends with the kids in this neighborhood? It's the worst section in town, and if the tony folks are willing to pay me any attention, I'm going to get all I can. Being among these ruffians may be all right, for you, but I'm going to do a little more than bake beans on Saturday, mend stockings evenings, and go to Sewing Circle every six months! I'm not going to bake beans; I'm not going to mend stockings, or wear mended ones; and I'm going to join clubs where people different from the Connaughty's, Gallagher's, and Higginson's go! So there!"

And Margaret flew up the stairs, her face the shade of a very ripe tomato.

Throwing her clothes in a heap on the chair, she slipped in between the chilly sheets and tried to go to sleep. But all she could think of was the miserable evening she had spent. Oh, yes, the boys had been willing enough to dance with her, but none of them had really been friendly to her. And the girls! Oh, would she ever forget it? In the cloak-room, the little giggles they had not tried to hide when they saw her cheap, home-made dress; at the supper table, when Amelia

Hemper had fingered the material, and asked if she had bought it in town. Oh, the humility of it! She hated them! But even tho they had insulted and shamed her, nevertheless, she still clung to the thought that they were her friends, and her kind. Some hours later, just before she dopped off to sleep, she resolved to have Ma give her a party in the near future. Then they'd see what Margaret Conant could do!

(To be Continued)

Phyllis Lundy '28

Chris of Ward C.

BIG streaks of yellow sunlight sifted through the open windows and brightened the somber walls of Ward C. In his wheelchair, in front of one of the big windows, Chris was basking in the sun. From this position he could look over the big lawn and see the autos and trolley cars making their way through the heavy traffic of the boulevard. Spring had come to all the world and it had even entered Ward C. Spring meant a great deal to the little inmates of the ward, that is, to all except Chris. Jimmie, who had been in the ward almost a year, was going home today, and Harry and Bruce would soon follow suit. But spring meant nothing to Chris. It was just a certain length of nice days, which he would have to spend sitting in his wheel-chair, as he had done for as many years as he could recall.

The head nurse quietly entered the ward. A nice person with a cheerful smile, she was loved and respected by all the children in the ward, but it was Miss Talcott whom they liked the best. It was she who bought them an occasional treat of ice cream and who took them out on the big green lawn in the summer and read to them from Andersen's "Fairy Tales." When Chris was having an especially bad night, Miss Talcott would creep around, whisper to each child, and within a minute all would be still.

Little Chris looked up at the sombre gray walls of the ward. Ever since last spring he had been there. His mother was dead, and he never remembered having a father; he felt quite alone in the world. During his year in the ward he had been given treatments, had undergone X-rays and operations, but nothing could be done for his crippled leg.

He lay back in his wheel-chair, his pale face looking wistfully at his companions. Many children had come and gone in the past year and with each recovery he had felt his case more hopeless. The drone of voices reached his ears, for the doctors and nurses were holding their monthly consultation.

"Just give Chris one more year", a sweet voice was pleading, "just one more year."

"I'm afraid that you don't realize what you're asking, Miss Talcott," responded the doctor in an exasperated tone. As the clock struck three, the consultation adjourned. Miss Talcott walked to the door with the doctor.

"Can't you see, Doctor Denny, that you can't discharge him? He has no home, no parents; I am his only real friend."

"It can't be helped," the doctor responded tartly, "it can't be helped."

"All right," she answered, "I'll go too."

Doctor Denny was defeated and he knew it. He took out his handkerchief and blew his nose violently. He quickly collected his scattered wits and admitted he was wrong, and disappeared before she could thank him.

It was early the next morning when two neatly clad figures, stood in the door of Ward C. Chris recognized them at a glance for they were Mr. Dawes, the millionaire, who had been so kind to him, and his little granddaughter, Louise. She had often heard of Chris and at the first opportunity she sat down on the foot of his bed and talked to him. He liked it, for a very faint color crept into his pale cheeks and his eyes sparkled. She exhibited her new ring with its real pearl, its dainty carving, and her initials cut on the inside. After finding out that he had no toys of his own, she asked him what he did with his time.

"Oh, I think about my castle in Spain", he replied.

"Your castle? Why, how queer!"

"Yes, of course, it's just imaginary, but it's lots of fun," he said.

"My grandfather could buy you a castle, but what good would it be?" she asked.

"No, I'd rather have a violin."

Louise saw her grandfather beckoning from the doorway, and without another word she ran to him.

The next week Louise returned. She carried a long black case which she deposited on Chris's bed.

"Just open it and see," she replied to his curious glances.

With trembling fingers he unsnapped the latch and saw a bright, new violin.

"For me, all for me?" he gasped.

"Sure it's for you. Want to know how I got it?" Before Chris could speak she began:

"I just gave my pearl ring to the chauffeur and told him to sell it and then to buy a violin with the money. Well, he didn't want to, but I teased him and he gave in. That night he brought home this violin. Grandpa didn't like it and tried to get my ring out of pawn, but somebody else had bought it, and I'm good 'n glad."

Then she slid off her perch on the foot of the bed and ran to her grandfather who had just entered the ward. She tugged at his coat collar and when he bent down, she started to whisper something in his ear. The old gentleman straightened up and regarded her quizzically.

"You told me I could take Cousin Gertie with me," she exclaimed. "Why not take Chris instead, and Gertie can go with her family?"

Mr. Dawes thought for a minute and then said—

"But I don't think Chris is able to go."

"Sure he is," Louise reassured him as she hurried toward Doctor Denny and Miss Talcott. The three talked for several minutes and then approached Mr. Dawes. After a long consultation they started toward little Chris's bed. On the way Doctor Denny actually laughed as he said—

"Well, Miss Talcott, as diplomat you are a wonder and Louise is equally as good."

Louise ran ahead of the procession and before the others were in sight she had perched on the foot of the bed.

"Oh Chris," she began, "you've just got to get better. Grandpa and I are going abroad next summer and you're going with us. We have talked to the doctors and nurses and they all agree that it's just the thing."

She looked at the boy's sparkling eyes and added, "And best of all, you're going to study music with a real violinist. Just think—Europe and real castles in Spain!"

Vera Victoreen '29

Essays and Specials

The Moods of a City Street

"THE Great White Way," a name which was given to this street because of its abundance of dancing white lights, and Broadway, the official and also the commercial name, are "handles" by which we designate the greatest street in the world.

Everyone knows that streets as well as people have moods and personality, which trait makes them most interesting. The street with the most unique personality and the greatest variety of moods is Broadway. Morning finds it in a quiet mood, for though the traffic is heavy and the noise almost as great as in the evening, nevertheless, the street itself seems to be resting. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the electric signs high in the air are almost meaningless blanks. The shop windows stare like unseeing eyes; theaters, clubs and restaurants are closed; the bustle of the milling crowds is the subdued hurrying of busy feet and not that of pleasure seeking throngs. The toot of horns, the thin shrill of the police whistle, the clang of the car bells—all are without the joyous note they possess in the evening. Yes, strange as it may seem Broadway has its quiet moods.

Around noon though, the street seems to wake up and shake itself. At least so it seemed to me, when, one day about one-thirty, I was hurrying (everyone seems to hurry on Broadway) toward the Hotel Astor to keep a luncheon engagement. Suddenly the difference between the crowds of the morning and those of noonday attracted my attention. The steps of the passersby seemed snappier, the autos rushed along in frantic haste, and the street itself seemed to be awakening and taking a greater interest in the doings of mere mortals like myself. It had awakened and it throbbed and pulsated with an unbelievable undercurrent of vitality. It gripped me, the immensity of that far-famed street that had come out of its morning dream to watch the scenes of happiness, hopelessness, and tragedy that were being enacted along its busy length.

But soon this mood, too, gives way to still another. Five o'clock tea hour along the "Great Street", is the time when gaiety, light-heartedness, and friendliness pervade it, a state of mind or being inspired by a good matinee, a congenial friend and the prospect of a delightful tea accompanied by a cozy chat or a gay gathering of the clan. Even those less fortunate are happier for is not the toil at the office finished for the day and cannot the worker stroll in the park and get air fresher, at least, than that of the office? And that great personality itself is it not happier in looking forward to the evening's gaiety to come? Then surely the moods of its habitues influence Broadway, for in spite of its vastness, it has a spark of sympathy. Indeed its mood is changed mightily when the tea hour holds sway along its paths of pleasure.

Yet lovely as all these moods are, the "Witching Hour" finds Broadway in its most fascinating, inscrutable, and fantastic mood. Its mad, pleasure-seeking throngs make it like unto a whirling dervish of some barbarous tribe, dancing wildly under blazing tropic stars to the monotonous rhythm of tom-toms. The

Street of Many Lights whirls fully as madly to the wailing syncopation of inspired jazz bands. It laughs, it sings, it revels, and yet underneath is a sinister semblance to a wild beast, perhaps the favorite beast of the dervish, crouching, supple, tawny, glaring with unfathomable eyes and waiting—eternally waiting—for what?

Dorothy Lamar '29

Impressions of a College Freshman

COLLEGE! To the high school senior college seems but a step farther in the field of education and culture, and once the college board examinations have been left in the background, it appears a simple matter to pass from high school to a school of a wider and farther-reaching field of knowledge. Though the transition from the primary grades to the grammar school, and likewise from the grammar school to the high school is comparatively negligible, the step which makes the high school senior a college freshman is a vast one and includes more difficulties and trials than were ever imagined.

Forced to accustom yourself to new surroundings, a new mode of living, and an entirely different environment; being thrust into the midst of hundreds of new students from whom you must select new friends and companions; obliged to conquer, single-handed, your pangs of loneliness and homesickness; being given a choice of struggling to match your wits and resources against those of your fellow classmates, or else admitting defeat; and striving to lift yourself above the rank of "just one in a thousand," and to gain the slightest bit of recognition—these are some of the exclusive rights and joys of a college freshman.

It is believed that the first five months of college life offer the greatest test of one's character and determination, and after this lapse of time, filled with its stumbling blocks and pitfalls, has passed, there remains a greater desire for knowledge and education than ever before. It is then that you begin to realize the advantages and opportunities which lie before you and which college alone can offer. You become aware of the fact that there are paths open to you through the college portals which you could never find elsewhere, provided you have not chosen the wrong door. That is where many err, and consequently it is of the utmost importance that you should take every care in selecting your college. You should find a school best fitted to your needs, most satisfying your desires and ambitions, and best equipped to train you in the course you wish to follow. It is a great mistake to attend a college which offers only general courses when your heart craves something more specific and more technical, and likewise it is a waste of time and effort to follow a business training, when after all it is a liberal arts course that you desire. Take time to decide before you enter a college just what your work in life is to be, and having found it, choose your college accordingly. But, above all, do not continue to labor under the false impression that once you are within the college walls, your difficulties are at an end, because college means more concentrated and more persistent studying than was ever dreamed of in a high school.

An Alumna '26

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March Winds

A WIND, pitiless, awe-inspiring, travels over the land. It travels over the plain, it travels through the forests frightening every wild thing to its place of habitation. It goes through the crowded cities where men labor and build. Here it is not an uncommon occurrence to see, on almost any March day, a man in distress chasing his brand new derby along a crowded thoroughfare. The wind ceasing, the hat pauses for a moment in its course. But March breezes do not have any consideration for hat chasers and so, just as the breathless pursuer arrives to pick up his prize, the wind rushes along with its mocking cry and the hat is once more carried on its way. This incident repeats itself until finally, the hat is brought to destruction under the wheels of a vehicle. The exhausted man retraces his footsteps and hastily seeks out a hat shop. Yet in these days it is not an unusual occurrence to see a man without his headgear whether it be March or July. Indeed, the collegiate youth prefers to go hatless while March winds roar.

But March winds bring bright hopes. They give promises of blue skies and the return of the birds. And as we breast the current of a stiff March gale we are not thrilled with a sense of the vitality, the never dying strength of Mother Nature?

Margaret Haggerty '28

My Book

I NEVER expect to write a novel; that isn't the reason I'm planning how I'd like one to look. It's just because so often I've had a novel spoiled for me by the paper, or the binding, or the print. Many would say that this is a very ignorant remark, but I'm speaking about novels, and when I read a novel, I read it for enjoyment. The more thorough the enjoyment, the better.

So I have definite ideas about how my novel would be made. I'd use rough paper with frayed edges, so that the book would look as though it had been read extensively whether it really had or not. In choosing paper I wouldn't select the smooth, white, glazed variety; it would be too suggestive of a Latin or a Chemistry book. I'd have nice, big print with a great many quotation marks so that my book would look human. I don't think I'd have a single page without some conversation. I like books in which people talk.

Nor would I have an exquisite leather binding with perfect gold letters. I should insist upon a stiff imitation-leather cover of bright red and the name would be printed in big black letters. My own name would be on the outside, too, to let people know I wasn't ashamed of having a comfortable, sensible novel published with my name on it. Another point about the binding. It would have to be flexible so that the reader could lay the book down open without having it snap shut when he answered the telephone.

As for pictures, I'd have only one and that would be in the front. It would be a picture of the scene in the story that I liked best and it would have to look something like the scene as I had described it. If the villain had a moustache in the story, I'd give him one in the picture. If the scene took place under an oak tree, I wouldn't have a pine in the picture.

And last of all I wouldn't insult my reader by writing "The End" after the last chapter. As if he didn't have sense enough to know without my telling him!

It seems that now I have my plans all laid, I ought to be able to write the novel—but alas! even if only one thing is lacking, it happens to be the most important. All I know about the story itself is that there is a villain and that he has a moustache.

Betty Hulsman '28

Rain

I like the cold and blustery days of March.
I like to hear the snow against the pane,
But when the wind is blowing shrill and harsh
I long for just the feeling of the rain.

The cold and biting weather in November
Makes me wish—and ah, my wish is vain,
That Jack Frost's nipping days of old December
Would turn to April's soft and soothing rain.

The patter of the rain, Oh! how it thrills me
As I listen to the sound from overhead,
While the howling of the wind—ah, how it fills me
With a deep, dark feeling—nameless dread.

But the wind sounds loud and mournful on the pane,
And I shiver as I sit and wish for rain.

Maude Thompson

The Pussy Willows

Little balls of velvet fur,
Gray and modest, in a row,
Swaying on a willow branch,
Lightly tossing to and fro.

Little muffs the fairies use
When they hurry forth to go
Waking up the sleepy buds,
Drowsy, underneath the snow.

Little quaker maidens, shy,
Peeping from their bonnets, blow
Clinging, just a bit afraid
As they toss, now high, now low.

Little harbingers of spring,
Gray and modest, in a row,
Whisp'ring secrets all day long—
Singing—"Spring is here—you know."

A. M. Coleman, P. G.



POETRY

Dawn

Dawn is a witch in sombre gray
Who sweeps the path from night to day;
She creeps along with stealthy tread
And puts each shining star to bed;
She next must wake the sleepy sun,
And after that her duties done—
She slowly dons her cape of gray
And then, on tiptoe, steals away.

Virginia H. Sclater

My Mountains

But yesterday the mountains
Stood out clear and round and high,
With their brilliant peaks, like etchings,
Standing bold against the sky.

Today my sunny, daring hills
Are gone; and in their stead
Stand cheerless, drooping strangers
With gray cloud-veils on their heads.

Today those mountains, young and fair,
So near me yesterday,
Have wrapped themselves in sorrows
And are miles and miles away.

But I know my old, old mountains;
They have played this trick before;
And tomorrow they'll be waiting,
Young and gay, before my door.

Betty Hulsman '28

Pines

Dark against the midnight sky
Straight and tall, reaching high
Upward to the smiling moon,
Do they ask of her a boon?

Watching silent for the day
While with a whispering breeze they sway—
Do you wonder what they know,
Those kings that tower o'er the snow?

Standing proudly, while the dawn
Tints the sky when night is gone;
Brooding while around their feet
The world in winter silence sleeps;

Majestic still through sunny noon
As they were beneath the moon;
Watching still with tender care
Feathered friend of frisking hare;

One hour though their pride does break,
Not the one when others wake,
But the hour the Master made
When sunshine into twilight fades.

Then their silhouette is soft,
Then their lofty mien is doffed,
At that time they're friends of mine
Lightly swaying, feathered pine.

Dorothy Lamar '29

Spring

Rejoice, rejoice! for spring is here,
The gladdest season of the year;
The birds are singing in tree-tops high
Sweet songs of joy to passers-by.

The trees and flowers seem to say,
"Fair spring is here, come out and play!"
The meadow brook gurgling along
That, too, is singing spring's sweet song.

The pussy-willows, soft and gray,
In the light breezes gently sway.
All Nature praises Him who made
The sunset glow, the twilight fade.

E. M. Lindsey '29, Coml.

To a History Book

Speak! relic of the half-forgotten ages,
Oh, loathed book, with leaves we scorn and spurn,
Must I forever scan thy countless pages
And outline all that I am told to learn?

Speak! speak! oh, book, and tell the worn out teacher,
Weary with teaching things we cannot get,
Speak! tell him with the tongue of kindly preacher
The less one knows, the less he can forget.

And comfort all the heavy-laden students
Who study thee in hopes of gaining pelf,
With voice made deep and resonant by prudence,
O tell them, book, that you'll repeat yourself.

And lastly please tell me, and end this mystery
Why men who suffer learning—still make history.

Hattie Hinckley

Spring Work

This morning there came a low bird call,
How welcome, how sweet was the sound!
Soon the work of the spring will be starting,
The frost is most out of the ground.

The snow banks are fast disappearing,
There is only a patch here and there;
And hark to the murmur of water,
There's a feeling of spring in the air.

There's a charm to the spring in the country
That city folks never can know,
There's a pleasure in turning the furrow,
There's a joy in just watching things grow.

And at night comes the patter of raindrops,
How drowsily sweet is the sound,
Soon the work of the spring will be starting,
The frost is most out of the ground.

Edward Tournier

Mr. Allen: "What is electricity conducted by?"

Cancilla: "Why-er—"

Mr. Allen: "Good. And what is electricity measured by?"

Cancilla: "What sir?"

Spring Fever

Once more the year has rolled around;
Once more has come the spring;
Again my cares have banished
Again my heart will sing.

I want to wander thru the hills,
Like a carefree gypsy boy,
For all the world is filled with spring
And my heart is filled with joy.

I want to be out among the hills,
Amid the budding flowers and trees;
I want to watch the rushing brook,
And hear the birds and bees.

Because the flowers are blooming,
Because the birds are gay,
Because the world is joyful,
I'll throw my cares away.

V. Victoreen '29

The Spring Seed Catalogues

After Walt Whitman

When the seed catalogues arrive in the spring,
I see the Poppy, the Marigold, the Hollyhock,
I smell the Pansies, Petunias, Calendulas, and Sweet William,
I visualize the Bachelor's Button, the Phlox, and the dainty Mignonette.
I gaze at the pure white Lily, the ant-covered Peonies, the sorrowful Bleeding heart, the quaint Dutchman's Pipe, the silvery Moonflower, the doleful Mourning Bride, the crystal Ice Plant, the Sweet Alyssum with its subtle fragrance, the elusive Love-'n-a-mist, the fragile Forget-me-not, the vicious Snap-dragons vying with each other in looking ferocious, and here and there I see a patch of Zinnias lighting up the darker flowers.
Will all the flowery promises of Vick, Maule, Henderson, and Dreer bloom for me?
I fear that one must be a Luther Burbank to reap such a harvest.

Miles A. Bartlett

Mr. Goodwin: "Do you know why I'm not going to pass you?"

S. Duker: "I can't think."

Mr. Goodwin: "You've guessed it."

Mr. Russell: "Young man, you can't go to sleep in my class."

G. Goodrich: "I know it, I've been trying to for the past hour."

Insulted girl: "Catch that man; he tried to kiss me."

Genial Cop: "Oh never mind, there'll be another along in a few minutes."



"The Kays"

by Margaret Deland

THIS is but another of the interesting family character portrayals—a theme which seems to assume an outstanding importance in Mrs. Deland's delightful stories. Anyone who claims even the slightest acquaintance with the modern authors will recognize the fact that each has a certain form of authorship all his own, demonstrated not so much in the style of writing as in the theme used. If he is at all successful and attains some popularity in his chosen field, we find that he seldom departs from it. Thus Joseph C. Lincoln has become very popular for his famous Cape Cod tales. Likewise the name of Gilbert K. Chesterton is becoming more widely appreciated mainly through the rising interest in his delightful detective stories in which the character, "Father Brown," becomes a second Sherlock Holmes. Consequently Mrs. Deland, who has been included in the company of true novelists, takes for her special delineation, characters of Old Chester.

In "Tales of Old Chester" we are given a concise but comprehensive glimpse of many interesting personalities, but in "The Kays" an even greater pleasure is provided—a carefully told novel of events pertaining to one of Old Chester's oldest and most interesting families.

The most remarkable character, in my opinion, is Mrs. Kay, the mother, whose dominating personality influences the lives of her husband and son to a marked degree. Something out of the ordinary in the family life of these simple people is sensed from the beginning and the novel gradually unfolds the dramatic situations in a skillful manner. The introduction of the Civil War marks a decided awakening in the town of Old Chester. With it the childhood friendship and ultimate marriage of Lois Clarke and Arthur Kay are carefully woven into the thread of the story.

On the whole, although "The Kays" is a book which will provide interest and

entertainment for a leisure hour, it cannot be classed with those novels which provide intense, dramatic action. It is, on the contrary, a clever depiction of character and personality.

G. M. Quirk '28

"The Green Dolphin"

by Sarah Ware Basset

THE Green Dolphin" by Sarah Ware Basset is an amusing tale of Cape Cod life. It deals with the trials and tribulations of running a tea room.

Mrs. Althea Holmes, growing tired of her quiet life, decides to run a tea room called the "Green Dolphin." Everything goes well until the day before the opening when Mrs. Holmes is called away and is forced to leave the tea room in the hands of her absent-minded husband and his friend, Lemmy Gills, a former ship's cook. How they succeed, in pleasing a transient party, and how, with the help of a pretty girl, clam chowder is made to take the place of tea, furnish an interesting and amusing beginning.

Later, when Mrs. Holmes returns, she finds that she will need a helper, so hires Rebecca Crosby, who turns out to be a matchmaker, and who claims to have had a hand in twenty weddings. The trials she has in her matchmaking at the Green Dolphin, the tense suspense as to the outcome of many a plot, and Rebecca's own ultimate marriage help to make "The Green Dolphin" one of the best books I have ever read.

M. Read '28

Revelry

by Samuel Hopkins Adams

REVELRY," one of the popular novels of the year, describes the administration of a former president, Willis Markham, a gentleman of easy-going indulgence toward his friends. The "spoils" system has seized Markham in its claws.

He isn't above a game of cards or even a drink with his cronies, and, as the story opens, he is seated with a little party in a secret room away from prying public eyes. What a relief it is for the public servant to relax and "be himself!"

After the party, as he walks home at midnight unescorted by the usual body-guard, he is knocked down by an automobile, the driver of which proves to be Edith Westervelt, a renowned society belle of Washington. What happens as a result of their meeting forms a fascinating love story.

As is always true with tales of scandals, this book has been in great demand in Washington and elsewhere because certain unpleasant secrets about a former president's private life are said to be revealed. Other members of the political regime during a previous administration are mentioned under assumed names. While one may question the author's good taste in writing such a book, one is not at all surprised to learn that "Revelry" was sold to the last copy a month after publication.

Margaret S. Moore '27



Trip to Drury

On January fourteenth, 1927, the Pro Merito Society of the new Senior A class met to elect officers for the coming year. They are: President, Antonio Massimiano; Vice-president, Mary Flynn; Secretary, Hattie Hinckley. When the Pro Merito Society of the Drury High School in North Adams invited our representatives to be their guests on February 4th, it was unanimously decided that the officers should represent the school.

We reached North Adams at about 9 a. m., where we were met by two Drury girls who took us to their school, a beautiful, three-story, white stone building. After our arrival our hostesses entertained us by showing us the interesting features of the school.

In the basement a large room is set aside for lockers and each pupil has a separate compartment. The lunch room accommodates a large number and contains all modern equipment. Across the hall from the lunch room are the showers for the gymnasium. The gymnasium, on the first floor, is worthy of considerable mention for it is fully equipped with all gymnastic apparatus. To encourage interest in gym work a new point system has been introduced. The names of those who acquire a certain number of points are listed on the honor roll. We were very much impressed by the size and attractiveness of the auditorium. The interior seems to be entirely white, although the seats are of a deep gray. The auditorium is as large as a theater. Numerous statues and paintings, which have been presented by former graduating classes, give the auditorium a very artistic appearance. At the assembly, which was held during our visit, the honor roll was read and the names of the new Pro Meritos were announced. At this assembly we also learned the history of the Pro Merito.

Their Drawing Room certainly looks like a studio. All sorts of paintings and drawings were displayed and they all revealed unusual talent.

At noon, we were served a delicious lunch, which was perfect even to the minutest details. It showed that Drury High has a great deal of talent in the culinary arts, also. After lunch, we enjoyed a party in the library.

We wish to thank the pupils of Drury High School for our pleasant visit and hope that soon we shall be able to offer to them as pleasant a time as we had.

Mary V. Flynn '27
Commercial

Debating Club

At the mock trial, held by the Debating Club, Albert England was found not guilty of bribing the judges of the Williams-Cornell Debate which was held in the auditorium a short time ago. The trial furnished a great deal of fun for the spectators, for the questions asked by the two capable lawyers confused the wit-

nesses at times, leading them to give very irrational statements; among these was the admission by Giftos that he did not possess the power to use common sense. The president of the club, Charles Wells, served as a witness and furnished considerable entertainment for the audience.

The officials of the trial were: Judge, George Holderness; Clerk, Clyde Charles; lawyers, Joe Hayes (defence); Hamilton McMillan (prosecution); Sheriff, Sam Duker; foreman of the jury, Joe Pelkey.

Dwight Campbell was responsible for the details of the trial for he appointed the officials, selected the charge and wrote the oaths, which were very ridiculous. He and Clyde Charles have been appointed as a permanent committee on mock trials, for the club plans to make them a more frequent occurrence.

The officers of the club for this semester are: president, Charles Wells; secretary, P. Lipshees; treasurer, Joe Pelkey; faculty advisor, Mr. Allen.

Wright Manvel

C. M. T. C.

Coach Carmody says, "The biggest thing I learned in the army was self-control." That is the aim of the coach's club, the C. M. T. C. The boys learn the usual military drills and tactics and also the handling of firearms. They do not learn these things that they may become soldiers, but they are engaged in this semi-military work that they may develop their powers of self-control and leadership, as well as obedience.

The club has a rifle corps which practices regularly. The guns were bought from the club treasury, and to all the members of the club is extended the privilege of learning the proper handling of a gun, under good instruction. This privilege, if given to all high school students, would prevent many fatal accidents.

The officers of the club are: Commander, Norman Philips; Vice-commander, Everett Ayer; Quartermaster, George Goldberg.

Wright Manvel

Etiquette Club

The Etiquette Club, conducted by Miss Day, is as popular as ever this term. During the past month the club has studied and discussed introductions, street etiquette and theatre etiquette. At the first meeting the officers for the coming term were elected. The pupils chose Samuel Geller as president, Pearl Kaplan as vice-president, and Ida Kaplan as secretary. The program committee consists of Ruth Cook, Alice Pagery, William Olson and Carl Tracy.

Dramatics Club

The Dramatics Club, one of the latest entries into our list of clubs, is progressing rapidly. At present there are thirty-two members in the club, which has been growing steadily since its organization early in the fall. Mr. Huban, the former director of club, had been planning several interesting features for this term. For the past month the members have been working on a one-act play which will be given sometime in the near future. In addition to this, a musical comedy has been suggested and there are possibilities of giving this as an assembly. The weekly meetings of the club are very interesting, for the program consists prin-

cipally of sketches and dialogues given by the members. The Dramatic Club is back to stay, and if the interest of the pupils continues, it will soon rank among the largest clubs of the school.

V. Victoreen

Mr. Huban, one of the most widely liked members of the faculty of this school, recently left us to take up his new position as principal of Russell School. Although Mr. Huban had taught here but a short time, he was very well known among both the teachers and pupils. Mr. Huban's services in coaching the dramatic club will be greatly missed. He organized the club early last fall and has made it very successful. The pupils of Pittsfield High wish to thank Mr. Huban for his services and to extend to him their sincere wishes for future success.

Miss Kelly has been chosen to succeed Mr. Huban as the director of the dramatics club.

Organization of Commercial Classes

Senior A—President, Hattie Hinckley; Vice-president, Irma Chase; Secretary, Mary Flynn; Treasurer, Margaret Shea.

Senior B—President, Hazel Andrews; Vice-president, Francis Quirico; Secretary-Treasurer, Ethel Vincent.

The Junior A class of Commercial, held a class meeting on February seventeenth in Room five, and the following officers were elected: President, Dorothy Wellspeak; Vice-president, Elsie Schilling; Secretary-Treasurer, Evelyn McCumiskey; Advisor, Miss Elsa Rieser; Student's Pen, Louise O'Donnell; Student Council, Stella Traver; Sunshine Committee, Mary Reed and Anna Thorpe; Home Room Committee, Mary Sheron and Elsie Schilling.

Louise O'Donnell
Junior A Class Officer

The June Class of 1926 has presented to Commercial High School three years' subscription to the National Geographic Magazine. This gift is a valuable help to the students in their work.

Another acceptable gift was one given by the February Class of 1927, Dr. Copeland's Anthology of Prose and Poetry.

These books are appreciated by the teachers and pupils for the kind thoughtfulness of the classes, and the great aid to good work furnished by the books.

The Senior B Class of Commercial elected their officers for the Senior B term. Hazel Andrews was re-elected Class President and Frances Quirico, Vice-president; Ethel Vincent was elected Secretary and Treasurer. Miss Alice Downs was chosen Class Advisor.

The following ring committee was selected: Hazel Andrews, Ethel Vincent, Florence Bruce, Alberta Kilian, Frances Quirico and Anthony Sottile.

Ethel Vincent, Sec'y.

Instructor: "How would you discover a fool?"

Senior: "By the questions he would ask."



Pittsfield 25--St. Joseph's (N. A.) 9

Pittsfield High School's basketball team defeated St. Joseph's High of North Adams in a league game by a score of 25 to 9. Pittsfield's defense was almost perfect as only one floor goal was scored during the entire contest by the defeated quintet. 'Phil' Bruno and Ralph Froio were high scorers for Pittsfield, and Smith did the best playing for St. Joseph's.

P. H. S. 22--Searles 21

Pittsfield High and Searles High of Great Barrington fought through the last few minutes of their game on January 15th with the score 21 all. A foul was called on Girracca of Searles as the final whistle blew, and "Mike" Foster sank the free try winning the game by a one point margin. Searles High provided much opposition and Pittsfield experienced a hard time in defeating the down-county boys.

At the end of the third quarter Pittsfield led 20-15. Allan then sank a double-counter, which was followed by two more by Mulhall, making the score 21 to 20 in favor of Searles, and no more than three minutes to play. Ralph Froio made a point on a free try, tying the score. At this point Girracca committed his foul and Foster did the rest.

Mulhall was Searles outstanding player while Martin was high scorer for Pittsfield.

P. H. S. 14--Dalton 9

Pittsfield High defeated Dalton in a very ragged contest at the Boys' Club gym on January the twenty-eighth. Both teams seemed to have an off night and missed many shots.

At the end of the first quarter Pittsfield led 6 to 3, but at the end of the third quarter Dalton went ahead 9 to 7. This was due to Boakes and Glendon, each of them making splendid shots from midcourt, which gave the Dalton supporters new hope.

This hope was soon shattered when R. Froio made a good throw from behind the foul line. Foster took a pass from O. Froio and sank a goal. Almstead completed the scoring by dribbling the length of the floor and caging a neat shot.

Although the game was ragged and uninteresting it added another game to Pittsfield High's string of league victories.

Pittsfield 17--Drury 15

It has always been the custom in the United States, although there is no law against it, for the executive head of our government not to serve over two full terms. It also seems to be a custom for Pittsfield High and Drury to stage an overtime game every time they face each other at the Boys' Club. For four regular periods the ancient rivals played a hard game of basketball and a decision was not reached until the second overtime period when Coach Carmody's quintet was proclaimed the winner.

Pittsfield High seemed to play better basketball than Drury during the first three quarters and was leading 11 to 8 at the end of the third quarter. It was during the fourth quarter that Drury did its best work.

Ralph Froio of Pittsfield caged a beautiful shot from almost the center of the floor at the beginning of the fourth quarter. A foul was called on Almstead, and Nester of Drury made good at both free tries. Nassif also made good on a free try and the score was tied 13 all at the end of the fourth period.

In the first overtime period Bruno sank a double-counter for Pittsfield. Nester soon retaliated and the score was again even. With but eight seconds of play remaining, Martin was fouled by Nassif but Jason missed the free try.

With the second overtime session half over Acetta fouled Froio as he was about to shoot and "Rollo" made good on both free tries. Ashkar was fouled but didn't make good on his free attempt and fifteen seconds later violent cheering, which relieved the nervous tension of the crowd, pronounced the Purple and White representatives the winner of a hard fought game.

Pittsfield High's victory over Drury gives us an undisputed hold on first place in the North Berkshire League, and with plenty of fight, Pittsfield ought to emerge champions of the Northern League at the close of the season.

Pittsfield 15--Agawam 13

Our basketball team seems to be following the slogan, "Day by day in every way we grow better and better." This may be the case for although the Agawam quintet administered defeat to Pittsfield High in their first encounter, the Berkshire boys retaliated and beat the Smithmen on their own floor. It was a bitter pill for Agawam to swallow as it was their first defeat this season. Pittsfield trailed Agawam for nearly three periods and it was not until the end of the third period that Pittsfield did push ahead, the score being 9 to 8.

At the beginning of the fourth quarter Agawam scored two floor goals, going ahead 12 to 9. After taking time out Pittsfield came back strong, and Bruno registered a double counter diminishing Agawam's lead to one point. Kelly, who replaced Martin, dropped the ball through the hoop and Pittsfield went ahead, 13 to 12. Froio made the victory a certainty by sinking a beautiful shot and the score was 15 to 12.

In the last minute Fortuni sank a free try but the damage was done and the whistle blew.

The whole team played a real game and proved that they are good by giving such a team as Agawam a beating.

Pittsfield High 33--Adams 14

Pittsfield High, with the determination of maintaining its lead in the North Berkshire League, opposed Adams High at the Boys' Club gym on February 5th. The team did maintain its league lead and also administered to Adams High her worst defeat of the season. At half time it was apparent that the Pittsfield quintet was to be the victor, for although the score did not show a great lead, the teamwork was superior to that of Adams.

Adams had a chance to start scoring right away as two fouls in succession were called on Froio, but Cjaza missed the three attempts, and Bruno made a floor goal, one of the many he made during the game. Martin followed Bruno's work by another floor goal and where the half ended Pittsfield led 12-7.

When the third quarter commenced, Pittsfield again started its scoring and the third quarter ended with the score 23-13.

In the last quarter Pittsfield's sensational passwork was at its height. In this quarter Pittsfield scored 10 points to Adams' one. When the final whistle blew the score was 33-14.

Bruno was Pittsfield's star, getting eight floor goals for a total of 16 points while Graul excelled for Adams.

Pittsfield 21--Williamstown 11

Pittsfield High defeated the Williamstown quintet making it eight straight for our boys in the North Berkshire League and pushing us a notch higher towards the championship.

Williamstown threatened only at one stage of the game when during the last quarter they cut Pittsfield's lead down to two points. Coach Carmody's boys, however, braced up and finished the game with the score of 21 to 11.

R. Froio played a good game throughout, being leading scorer with eight points. "Flip" Bruno played well at center against Ransford, Williamstown's giant center.

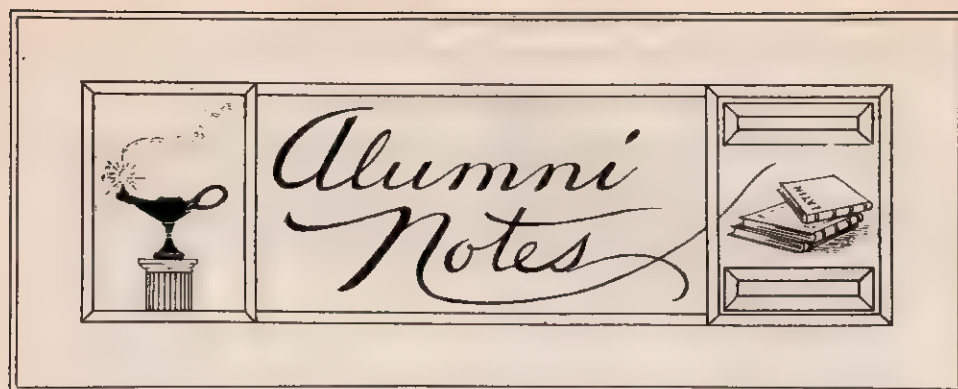
John Condron Martin Carr Leon Mermet
Robert Burns Michael Burns

How Extraordinary!

It always has seemed queer to me
That time can go so fast,
And yet at times can go so slow
And seem to last and last.

On mornings when my mother calls,
"Five minutes more up there!"
And then I have to get right up,
The minutes fairly tear.

But when the period is long,
And the lesson I don't know,
The minutes crawl and crawl and crawl.
How can they be so slow? A. M. Coleman, P. G.



Some of the recent alumni of Pittsfield High School who have found their way to the home office of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, a Pittsfield institution which celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary in 1926, are:

June '23—Helen Armstrong, Accounting Department.

February '24—Lawrence Kimple, Actuary Department.

June '24—Rose O'Connell, Policy Loan Department.

June '24—Helen Hawley, Index Department.

February '25—Leslie Deming, Policy Department.

June '25—Charles Coyle, Printing Department.

June '25—Rollin Stevenson, Policy Loan Department.

February '26—Stella Dansereau, Actuary Department.

June '26—Parker Savage, Mailing Department.

'19 JOHN Frank has returned from Fontainebleau, France, where he studied architecture. He is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is now with a large firm in New York.

'22 MILDRED Higgins is a journalist for the Butterick Publishing Company. She is also studying at the Columbia School of Journalism.

MARY Beebe took part recently in a three-act French play at Russell Sage College.

Alfred Higgins is attending the University of New Hampshire.

Sherman Beers is attending Trinity College.

'26 HAROLD Dapson has been chosen a member of the Freshman band of the University of Pennsylvania. He plays the trumpet in this organization. The newly organized Freshman Band of the University has a membership of forty-five and is one of the few college bands in the country composed entirely of first year students.

Dapson is a student in the school of Veterinary medicine of the University. Mary O'Donnell is working at the Pittsfield Electric Company.

Loretta Acuff is attending the School of Fine and Applied Arts in New York.

Commercial:—

Thomas Weitzel is assistant manager of Kinney's shoe store.

Anne Rodger has taken a position in the salesroom of Brewer Brothers on South Street.

Lillian Carey is a Commercial Representative of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Constance De Celles is in the office of England Brothers.

Elizabeth Phelan is working at the Berkshire Wall Paper Company.

Delia Scanlon is at the Berkshire Woolen Company.

Prentice Bailey has started his own business as a "Radio Doctor."

Helen McCumiskey is employed as a stenographer at the A. H. Rice Silk Mill.

The following members are employed in various departments of the General Electric: Catherine Goddeau, Irene Fadding, Helen Lynch, Bertha Sauer, and Warren Bouchard.

'27 ALTHOUGH many members of this Class are taking Post Graduate Courses, the following have already entered the business world:

Irene Sheridan is working at the City Hall.

Florence Chapin is working at the Singer Sewing Machine Co.

Gladys Wellspeak is working at the General Electric.

Patrick Mahon is working at England Brothers.

Katherine Tone is working at A. H. Rice Silk Mill.

Josephine Hollister, Elizabeth Hoff, and Charles Leahy have joined other alumni at the Berkshire Life Insurance Company.

Marion Simmons, former editor of the poetry department, is now assistant editor of the "Current News" of the General Electric Company. She is also literary editor of "Before the Fire," a magazine published quarterly by the Pittsfield Camp Fire Girls.

Genevieve Pomeroy is working at the General Electric Company.

Robert Pomeroy is working at Kelsey's and is also taking an evening course at the Berkshire Business College.

Joseph Wood is working at Wilkinson's.

Henry Garrison is in charge of a department at the Boys' Club.

George Loveless is taking an evening course at the Berkshire Business College.

Dorothea Logan has entered Russell Sage College.

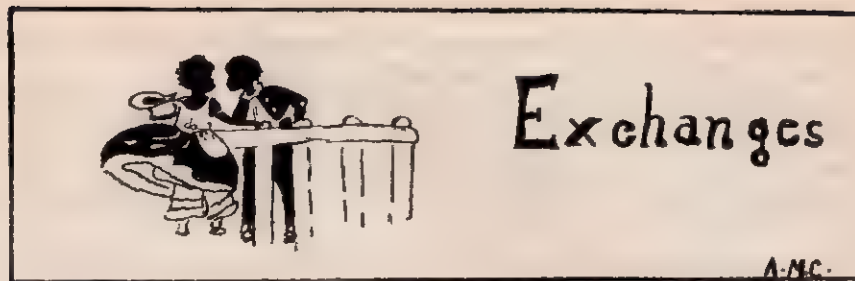
Among the Post Graduates at Central are: Marion Harder, Kathleen Noonan, Mildred Engelmann, Helen Finn, Ruth Housman, Nancy Mango, Mario Mango, Olaf Johnson, Elmer Merriman, Eugene Pruyne, William Shimmon, Katherine Killian, Ernestine Parker, Frances Pierce, Marion Bastow, Jeanette Beers, Anna Coleman, John Behan, Fred Carpenter, Lillian Legro, and Phenella Lyman.

Those at Commercial are: Robert Goodman, Mildred Hesse, and Loretta Hayes.

The difference between a motorman
And a conductor is quite strange,
The motorman changes the handles
And the conductor handles the change.

Miss Kaliher: "What is a myth?"

C. Sias: "A female moth."



To My Fellow Exchange Editors:

The graduation in January took with it Erma Reed, the exchange editor, and I, George Beebe, am now filling her place with three helpful assistants. We have many misgivings as to our ability to live up to the fine work that Miss Reed has been doing, but we shall endeavor to comment upon your papers in as frank and helpful manner as you have and, we hope, will continue to do for the Student's Pen. We have enjoyed looking over your magazines immensely and this is what we have to offer as a start.

Our Suggestions

The Owl, Wellsville, N. Y.—You have on the whole an interesting magazine. In proportion to the rest of your magazine, the Literary and Athletic departments are too long. *The Owl* is sadly in need of poetry.

Kensington Distaff, Philadelphia, Penn.—Your cuts are excellent, but why not have a cover of the same degree of excellency? Also original jokes and more editorials are badly needed. But on the whole, good work, girls!

The Brocktonia, Brockton, Mass.—Nothing but praise can be given your magazine. Each department shows careful preparation and the cuts are clever and well drawn. The Forum is a department worth developing.

The Live Wire, Newbury, Vermont.—Your editorials should start at the top of the page. "Live Wire", you lack cuts which are one of the features of a successful magazine. Why not have an exchange department? That is another thing needed badly.

The Red and White, Rochester, N. H.—You should be proud to possess such a brilliant writer as your editor-in-chief. "Deeds, Not Words" and "Memoirs" of hers were unusual for a high school student. The lengthy poetry and exchange departments add much to your well edited magazine.

Murdock Murmurs, Winchendon, Mass.—Your paper shows distinction. Your joke department has them all beat as far as length and cuts are concerned. It seems that you have enough poems to make a separate department; how about it?

The Roman, Rome, Georgia.—Your magazine is exceedingly good. A better paper would be hard to find. Every department is well developed. Congratulations to your undefeated football team.

Drury Academe, North Adams.—We suggest that you have your poetry in a separate department. We should like to know how you support such a fine magazine without advertisements.

Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.—Your magazine is very well written. Your literary department especially deserves praise. A few more jokes are needed.

Enfield Echo, Thompsonville, Conn.—The lack of poetry and exchange departments gives your paper a poor appearance. We couldn't understand why you had a Hallowe'en cover for the Christmas issue. It was good, though.

Cedar Chest, Toms River, N. J.—You have all the departments necessary for a good paper. Your cuts are excellent, but why not have some original jokes.

Netop, Turner Falls, Mass.—Don't you think "The House Of Horrors" is a bit too bloodthirsty for a school magazine? Why not write more editorials and compose some poetry? Otherwise you have a good paper.

Cue, Albany, N. Y.—Try as we might, we couldn't find much wrong with the January issue. We suggest that your artists busy themselves in making cuts for the Editorial and Athletic headings which detract from the rest of the goodness of your paper.

Axis, North Adams, Mass.—Your art corner is novel and interesting. The Exchange and Alumnae departments are too short. Good health, girls!

The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.—We liked your frank editorials. Having your joke and school notes departments combined produces a somewhat ambiguous effect. It would be far better to have two separate departments.

The Shucis, Schenectady, N. Y.—We can only say what the others have said, that yours is one fine magazine. However, we think you should have more cuts.

Observer, Peabody, Mass.—Your paper is neat and interesting but—it would be far more so if you installed joke and exchange departments. Why not have more cuts?

Index, Worcester, Mass.—Your paper is rather uninteresting. One reason for this is that there are no cuts to brighten it up and another that the alumni, athletic, and school notes departments are all together.

The Orange Leaf, Orange, N. J.—You have an excellent magazine. We think that the artist who drew your Christmas cover is capable of supplying a few more cuts for the interior. Enjoyed reading "A Suspicious Entry".

The Clarion, Fair Haven, Vt.—We greatly enjoyed your "Vermont Issue" for it was interesting and showed signs of hard work on the part of your contributors. Come again.

The Orange and Black, Middletown, Conn.—You have a fine magazine with some good cuts. The Alumni Department is rather small in comparison with such a lengthy department as your joke section. "Winter Fun" was very clever and added much to the issue.

The Holton, Danvers, Mass.—The literary department is the distinctive feature in your magazine. We think cuts for the athletic, exchange, and school notes departments would add much to *The Holton*.

We also acknowledge the following exchanges:

Chips, Richmond, Vermont

Bennett Beacon, Buffalo, N. Y.

Pad and Pencil, Boston, Mass.

Students' Review, Northampton, Mass.

Mercyon, Wilkes Barre, Penn.

Lore, Lewiston, Penn.

Their Suggestions

The Student's Pen—Anyone could be proud of that pen. That's one paper I can't find anything wrong with.—*Shucis*, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Student's Pen—We can truly laud your literary department. Your P. H. S. alphabet was novel and interesting.—*Brocktonia*, Brockton, Mass.

The Student's Pen—A very interesting and well arranged paper. The story department is especially worthy of note. "Brother Jim" and "Double Worries" are both entertaining. "What Price Turkey," as you may guess, is a humorous story that keeps you laughing from beginning to end. Latin students, especially the second, third, and fourth year students, should read "The Little Brown Pony". This magazine has also introduced a novelty in "The Book-Lovers' Corner." This gives a brief review of some of the new better-class books. Every student in M. H. S. would do well to read this magazine.—*Orange and Black*, Middletown, Conn.

The Student's Pen—You have a very well arranged magazine. Your poetry department is most interesting. The editorial on the "Getting By Spirit" is unusually good.—*The Axis*, North Adams Normal School, North Adams.

The Student's Pen—We are very interested in your magazine and certainly enjoyed your jokes. They were clever. Your exchange is well written and shows much care.—*The Exponent*, Greenfield, Mass.

The Student's Pen—With a complete and lengthy Literary Department, well written School Notes, fair Alumni news, and splendid Exchange comments, your November issue fell little short of perfection. With a less personal note and a more humorous touch, your jokes would complete a most attractive paper. Grade A.—*The Cue*, Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y.

The Student's Pen—You are to be congratulated on your poetry department. "Berkshire Dawn" was especially fine.—*Pad and Pencil*, Boston, Mass.

The Student's Pen—The Student's Pen is one of the best-looking and most newsy, while at the same time the most literary paper that we have received. The stories, poems, and editorials, filled with the spirit of Christmas show exceptional ability.—*The Index*, Worcester, Mass.

The Student's Pen—We admired the simplicity of your attractive cover design. However, if you will pardon us for doing so we would like to criticize the story, "Brother Jim". Not in the way it is written for the idea is well expressed, but do you not think the plot was rather strange? We were sure that the story would end happily so that the moral would have been brought out: "Sympathy and kindness bring happiness." I think the author of "A Poet I Admire"—in speaking of Edgar A. Guest—has the same opinion of him as hundreds of others. We Southern people should be proud indeed to possess such an understanding poet, don't you think?—*The Roman*, Rome, Georgia.

The Student's Pen—The Student's Pen is one of our best papers. If you like good stories, original essays, lots of poems, and funny "cuts", you'll find them all in this magazine from Pittsfield, Mass.—*The Students' Review*, Northampton, Mass.

The Exchange Department
George Beebe, Editor

Miss Kennedy: "Give me what you would call a good French sentence."
L. Mermet: "Vingt Ans."



Pen Points

He: "What does your father see in me that he objects to?"
She: "Nothing. That's what he objects to."

* * * *

Robinson: "Is Wells a sound sleeper?"
Shepardson: "I'll say so. You can hear the sound for three blocks."

* * * *

She: "Do you really love me or just think you do?"
He: "I really love you. I haven't done any thinking yet."

* * * *

Mr. Rudman: (in middle of a joke) "Have I ever told this one before?"
Class: "YES!"

Mr. Rudman: "Good. You will probably understand it this time."

* * * *

B. Hendricks: "How are Fords made?"
A. England: "They're not made; they come from plants."

* * * *

The Boss: "Martin, I hope you try to save half of what you earn."
M. Carr: "I don't get that much."

* * * *

Many a young man thinks he's hard boiled when he's really only half baked.

* * * *

F. Smith: "Have you any invisible hair nets?"
Clerk: "Yes."
F. Smith: "Let me see one."

* * * *

J. Curtis: "I've added these figures up ten times."
Mr. Rudman: "Good boy."
J. Curtis: "And here are the ten answers."

* * * *

The shades of night were falling fast
The guy stepped on it and rushed past;
A crash—he died without a sound;
They opened up his head and found—
Excelsior!

* * * *

Doctor: "I'll examine you for fifteen dollars."
O. Peterson: "All right, Doc, and if you find it we'll split fifty-fifty."

* * * *

Wm. Newman: "But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."
Mr. Rudman: "Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give."

According to Miss Day's Etiquette Club, gentlemen should remove their hats on the following occasions: when mopping the brow, when going to bed, when taking up a collection, when getting a hair cut, when scratching the head, and when standing on the head.

* * * *

THE EGOTIST

I is all,
All am me;
Whoever are us,
Is we.

* * * *

Dear Doctor:—My pet billy goat is seriously ill from eating a leather bound copy of Shakespeare. What shall I do?

Answer: Am sending Literary Digest by return mail.

* * * *

Mr. Lucy: "Can you prove the volume of a cylinder is equal to the area of the base times the altitude?"

J. Donna: "I don't have to prove it. I admit it."

* * * *

Patnode: "Margaret Thomson told me that last night she dreamed she was dancing with you."

Wagner: "No kidding."

Patnode: "And she woke up to find her sister pounding her feet with a flat-iron."

* * * *

First hard guy: "When the mailman comes I'm going to knock you for a loop."

Second ditto: "Why wait for the mailman?"

First hard guy: "I'm taking a correspondence course in boxing."

* * * *

W. Manvel: "What's the charge for this battery?"

Garage man: "Six volts."

W. Manvel: "Well, how much is that in American money?"

* * * *

Ouellette: "I just bought a suit with two pairs of pants."

Ringey: "How do you like it?"

Ouellette: "Fine, only it's too hot wearing two pairs of pants."

* * * *

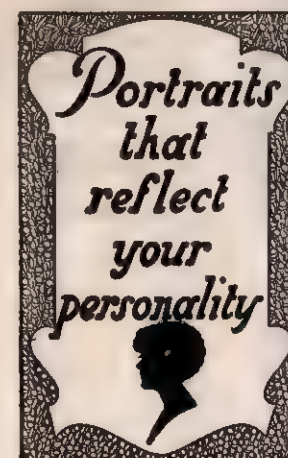
M. Barton: "How did you like the Mardi Gras in New Orleans?"

J. Sullivan: "Great. Best I ever ate."

* * * *

J. French: "Get the victim's name so we can notify his mother."

A. Sturgis: "He says his mother knows his name."



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of the Pittsfield High School, who are 16 years of age or over, are eligible for life insurance. Take a policy for the benefit of your parents, that they may, in a measure, be repaid for your education should anything happen to you.

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D. Corley: (excited) "Let's go. Who's giving it?"

W. Nesbit: "Two trains are going to Charleston."

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Inhaled it.....463

Ignited it.....284

Stepped on it.....213,458,948

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REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of the Pittsfield High School who have included algebra to quadratics, plane geometry, physics, and four years of English in their courses of study will be admitted without examination.

REGISTRATION. Students admitted in September or January may complete the Freshman year before the following September.

CATALOG AND INFORMATION SENT UPON REQUEST

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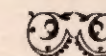
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